CUPID's REVENGE.

Or, An Account of a KING, who ſlighted all Women, and at length was forced to marry a BEGGAR.

A King once reign'd beyond the Seas,
As we in ancient Stories find,
Whom no Face could ever pleaſe,
He cared not for Woman-kind.

He deſpis'd the faireſt Beauties,
And the greateſt Fortunes too;
At length he marry'd to a Beggar.
See what Cupid's Darts can do!

The blinded Boy, that ſhoots ſo trim,
Did to his Cloſet-window ſteal;
Then drew a Dart, and ſhot at him,
And made him ſoon his Power feel.

He that never car'd for Woman,
But did Females ever hate,
At length was ſmitten, wounded, ſwooned,
For a Beggar at his Gate.

For, mark what happen'd on a Day,
As he look'd from his Window high,
He ſpy'd a Beggar all in grey,
With two more in her Company.

She his Fancy ſoon enflamed,
And his Heart was grieved ſore,
Muſt I have her, court her, crave her?
I, that never lov'd before!

This noble Prince of high Renown,
Did to his Chamber ſtrait repair,
And on his Couch he laid him down,
Oppreſt with love-ſick Grief and Care.

Ne'er was Monarch ſo ſurprized:
Here I lie a Captive Slave!
But I'll to her, court her, wooe her,
She muſt heal the Wound ſhe gave.

Then to his Palace-gate he goes:
The Beggars crav'd his Charity.
A Purſe of Gold to them he throws:
With Thankfulneſs away they fly.

But the King he call'd her to him,
Tho' ſhe was but poor and mean.
His Hand did hold her, while he told her,
She ſhould be his ſtately Queen.

At this ſhe bluſhed Scarlet-red,
And on this mighty King did gaze:
Then turn'd again as pale as Lead.
Alas! ſhe was in ſuch Amaze.

Hand-in-hand they walk'd together,
And the King did kindly ſay,
He'd reſpect her: — Strait they deckt her
In moſt ſumptuous rich Array.

He did appoint the Wedding-day,
And likewiſe then commanded ſtrait,
The noble Lords and Ladies gay,
Upon his gracious Queen ſhould wait.

She appear'd a ſplendid Beauty;
All the Court did her adore:
And in Marriage, with a Carriage,
As if ſhe had been a Queen before.

Her Fame thro' all the Realm did ring,
Altho' ſhe came of Parents poor. —
She by her Sov'reign Lord the King
Did bear one Son, and eke no more.

All the Nobles were well pleaſed,
And the Ladies frank and free.
For her Behaviour always gave her
A Title to her Dignity.

At length the King and Queen were laid
Together in a ſilent Tomb.
Their royal Son the Sceptre ſway'd,
Who govern'd in his Father's Room.

Long in Glory did he flouriſh,
Wealth and Honour to encreaſe;
Still poſſeſſing ſuch a Bleſſing
That he liv'd and reign'd in Peace.

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